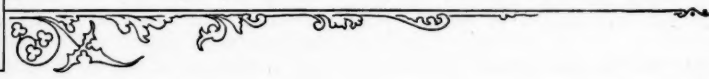


Chambers's Journal


SIXTH SERIES.



QUENTIN HARCOURT, Q.C.: HIS LOVE STORY.

By Mrs J. H. NEEDELL, Author of *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter*, *Passing the Love of Women*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



QUENTIN HARCOURT, Q.C., had been the darling of the Midland Circuit in the earlier period of his career before he took silk and became absorbed in the London Law Courts; and now, at the period when we make his acquaintance, his numerous friends pleased themselves—and probably pleased him—by the cheerful assertion that he was already within measurable distance of the judicial bench. Some men have the faculty of exciting this sort of confidence; and, next to believing in one's own particular star, nothing is more efficacious in bringing about the result prophesied.

There is, however, not a touch of superciliousness or self-assertion in our successful barrister as we see him, a guest at his sister's dinner-table on a certain evening in July. He is very fond of his sister, Lady Northwick, and a little proud of her social success. She manages her house in Queen's Gate well, and has the art of giving good dinners to a few carefully-chosen guests, with the latest conceits in sauces, entrées, and table decoration. It was her great good fortune to have inherited from their father a butler of almost superhuman excellence; of whom, when it was said that his character and skill were as faultless as his manners and his appearance, panegyric may be held to have exhausted itself.

On this occasion there was a cloud on Lady Northwick's brow, or rather—as such an aspect would be inadmissible in a hostess—a secret weight at her heart, inasmuch as this man was unavoidably absent on urgent private affairs, and her confidence in the first footman and the young woman whom Watson himself had recommended to his mistress as a waitress of a superior type was by no means assured. If by any chance she should offer the wrong wine or spill a drop on

the damask below, Lady Northwick would have felt herself to be socially disgraced. She therefore watched her with a covert anxiety, gradually allayed by the aptitude exhibited; and Quentin Harcourt, aware of the situation, watched her also.

It so happened that he had taken in to dinner a lady who was a considerable heiress, and a professed admirer of himself—of course under his professional aspect. Lady Northwick was always solicitous of her brother's interests; and thought it would be as desirable, as she knew it would be easy, to annex Miss Goulburn's fortune. But Quentin was not of a marrying sort; he loved his ease, and his independence still more than his ease; possibly, too, he cherished certain undisclosed ideals. At any rate, on this occasion Miss Goulburn bored him almost to extinction.

The young lady was good-looking, but in an aquiline fashion, which unfortunately was a type of beauty Quentin especially disliked; but she was not so young as she had been, and she insisted on talking 'shop.' Now, perhaps there is no man less disposed to talk 'shop' than the successful barrister; with the unsuccessful there is perhaps less reluctance.

Quentin Harcourt had just won a verdict in favour of a public company, which was held to be a great triumph, seeing it had been gained in despite of a mass of criminating evidence and the antagonistic ruling of the judge. Now this is a feather in any man's cap. When right is defended against palpable wrong it is child's play to win; but the *raison d'être* and glory of special pleading is to compel a verdict when it is the other way round.

'My uncle,' Miss Goulburn was saying, 'has shares in the company, and he declared to me privately that they had not a leg to stand upon. He said no other man but yourself could have

brought it off; that you were immensely clever. I only wish I had been in court.'

'You may thank your stars you were not. It was the dullest case on record. The jury were surreptitiously nodding on their bench, and his lordship was reported to have said—in *camerâ*, of course—that he could not have stood it another hour. Hence my poor success.'

'Oh! no, no! You are too modest. My uncle, as I say, was in court, and he asserts it was the most masterly exposition of a bad cause he had ever heard. No one thought it possible you could win.'

Quentin bit his lip; his private honour was unsmirched, and he still occasionally felt a little uneasy when his public duty seemed to run counter to it. Moreover, at this precise juncture his eyes had fallen upon his sister's new parlour-maid, and they were for a moment or two transfixed.

The young woman wore, of course, the conventional uniform; but what woman could desire one more becoming? Her black gown followed closely the lines of a matchless shape; her white cambric apron was hemstitched like a lady's handkerchief, but was without frill or flounce; her cap was equally simple, and sat upon the closely-coiled plaits of her hair as if it had been accurately poised by some cunning coiffeur. Of course Mr Harcourt's eyes missed these details; but they were curiously cognisant of their effect. The girl's face struck him as one of the most interesting he had ever seen. Her profile, as she handed with grave solicitude an entrée dish to a guest opposite was perfect, and the expression noble and sweet. He looked away with an effort; there was not a woman at the table her equal in dignity and charm. The well-quoted words occurred to him:

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair;

and then he pulled himself up, as it were, with a jerk, asking himself sardonically if it were becoming in a gentleman to rhapsodise over his sister's serving-maids. It struck him as curious that a gulf divided them—a gulf utterly impalpable, but presenting just as formidable a barrier as if she had been an offshoot of Royalty and he only what he was, one of Her Majesty's Counsel.

Another idea vexed him: he fancied that, at the moment he looked across the table at her, she had been looking at him, though her eyes were instantly withdrawn and bent upon her function. Could she have heard Miss Goulburn's dubious compliment and understood the situation? She looked equal to understanding anything. Well, if she had heard and understood, it was outside her sphere of influence, and only to be regarded as a signal impertinence.

So far as opportunity served, Quentin watched

her through the dinner, covertly, of course, and consistently with his duty to Miss Goulburn. He wanted—just as a matter of psychological investigation—to meet her eyes again, to see if there really were in them an intelligence so much beyond her position; but he failed to do so. The parlour-maid evidently knew her place, and seldom raised her eyes above the level of the plates and glasses. In his direction she certainly did not glance.

When the ladies left the table—preceded by the formal withdrawal of the servants, Quentin discovered to his surprise that he had never before been so conscious of the blank produced by their disappearance. However, being a thorough gentleman, and a good fellow to boot—the conjunction is not inevitable—he shook off the spell as unworthy of him, and applied himself not only to his host's excellent claret, but to confirming his own reputation as a good talker and better *raconteur*; it being generally allowed that there is a special pungency of flavour in the stories drawn from the Courts of Law.

He stayed a little behind the others to talk to his sister, as his habit was.

'By the way,' she said, 'you must try to manage to lunch with us on Saturday. It is Dolly's birthday'—Dolly was the only surviving child of the house—and I have promised that she shall order the feast. She wanted to stay up to see you to beg you to come; but of course I couldn't allow that. I was to tell you that you should have chocolate creams and pine-apple jelly. She is arranging the menu with the new parlour-maid. By the way, what did you think of her? She did not do so badly.'

'Not at all,' he returned indifferently. 'Where did you pick her up?'

'I cannot be said to have picked her up at all. Watson recommended her. He knows all about her; I don't. He said something vague about her having been brought up as a lady, and that sort of thing; but naturally it did not interest me. All I wanted was to feel sure of her respectability, and that she could wait at table. She can do that, I think?' Lady Northwick smiled with a happy sense of unimpaired social success.

He acquiesced for the second time, with an assumption of increased weariness, then, stroking the fine curves of his lips, meditatively said:

'I suppose Dolly is sure to be asleep by this time, or I would have gone upstairs and bidden her good-night?'

'I am not sure, for she has been tormented by toothache, poor dear, all day and was crying in bed when I came down to dinner. Nurse takes her to the dentist to-morrow. Really, Quentin, it seems nowadays that children's teeth, like their brains, are in advance of their age. I never had the toothache as a child any more than I read Shakespeare before I was ten.'

'Nor after,' suggested the brother, with a smile. '*Lamb's Tales*, I suppose?'

'Not a bit of it; the plays themselves! But go upstairs if you like—you know the way. As for me, I must look after things in Watson's absence; there is not another soul I can trust. How I miss the man!'

Quentin went upstairs. He knew Dolly's rooms well, and had sometimes thought that some of the pleasantest hours in his crowded life had been spent in them. There was a pleasant day-nursery, full of costly childish and unchildish treasures, leading into her bedroom. As the door of this stood ajar he entered without knocking, and crossed the floor towards the inner chamber. The door of this stood open too, so that he could see into the room without being himself observed, or at least he promptly took a position to secure this result.

Dolly, flushed and wide awake, was lying high on her frilled pillows in her picturesque little bed, with her flaxen mane streaming around her in a shimmering cloud, and her eyes fixed intently on the young woman who was kneeling by her side, in absorbed attention to the words that were flowing from the story-teller's lips: she was saying:

'Then these cruel rocks, which had advanced and crashed together with a sound like thunder, slowly parted asunder, and went back again to their old position, so that one could see once more the pathway of green water between them, and the blue sky above full of sunshine. You can fancy how the voyagers strained their eyes to discover the fate of the pigeon!—'

'Oh!' interrupted Dolly eagerly, 'don't say it was killed! I couldn't bear it, and my toothache too.'

'No, no! It was not killed. Looking through the shining straits they caught a glimpse of it flying in the blue air outside, safe and sound. Just one white feather was floating on the sea, which!—'

But at this juncture the speaker, whose quick ear had caught a sound, rose quickly. Quentin saw he was discovered and came forward.

The parlour-maid—for of course the reader knows she was the *raconteuse*—bent a flushed face over the little girl.

'Good-night,' she whispered; 'your uncle is come to see you, and I must go.'

Dolly caught at her gown.

'Wait half-a-minute! Just tell me if they got safe through—I can't sleep till I know.'

The girl stooped to kiss her, with a smile on her lips.

'Ask your uncle, dear. I dare not stay.' She then disappeared through the contiguous dressing-room where nurse slept, down the stairs leading to the servants' quarters.

Quentin went up to the bedside feeling a

little awkward. He had spoilt the situation, and feared that, perhaps, for the first time, he was unwelcome to his niece.

'What a shame, Dolly, to keep you awake at this time of night story-telling! Your eyes are a great deal too bright, child. Mother and nurse will be very angry.'

'Who with?' asked Dolly anxiously; 'not with Hester, I hope. She only tried to make me forget my horrid pain.'

She pressed a rose-tipped finger against one of her little pearly teeth and looked up into his face, sighing heavily.

Quentin leaned over her sympathetically.

'Is it the tooth, Dolly, or the fate of the Argonauts that hurts? They got through all right, and at last brought back the Golden Fleece in triumph to Athens.'

Dolly sat up.

'Are you sure,' she cried, 'or making it up to please me? But I don't like your way of telling a story at all, uncle; you are so short and quick. Hester is much nicer.'

'I am sure she is, so we will leave the details to her. She seems to know all about it. Does she often tell you stories like that? Is she a learned lady, Dolly, with a knowledge of Greek?'

Dolly looked a little puzzled.

'She is not a lady at all, you know, but our new parlour-maid; but she is very nice, and tells stories beautifully. I hope mother won't send her away when Watson comes back. Oh, dear! I wish I could get sleepy; I am so tired too!'

'Let me turn the pillow so that you can put the hot cheek in a cool place. It's a first-rate plan for toothache, Dolly.'

He saw that the child's lids were already drooping over the sweet blue eyes, and he smoothed her pillows and stroked her tiny form into a more restful state with a tender dexterity for which not one of his many friends, or even his sister, would have given him credit.

He stood over her a moment or two, hoping that she was asleep, when she opened her eyes again.

'I should so like to have seen Jason,' she said drowsily; 'Hester says he was splendid to look at—shouldn't you, Uncle Quentin?'

'Uncommonly, Dolly! You see there are so few splendid fellows left nowadays to look at.'

Humour lurked in the corners of his flexible mouth; he was speculating what Hester's ideas might be as to the constituents of masculine beauty. The idea amused him; he found the whole incident curious and stimulating.

He chose to walk back to his chambers through the starlit summer night; and as he walked he fell into a train of thought to which he was little accustomed. His way lay through the Parks, and the semi-obscurity gave dignity

to the undefined limits of the Serpentine and additional majesty to the superb clumps of elms and beeches. If any form of misery lay huddled under their shadow the possibility did not occur to him. His sensations were a curious blend of self-gratulation and discontent; the first feeling resulting from the knowledge that he was rich and independent, the second from the consciousness, suddenly brought home to him, that in spite of this he had got very little personal happiness out of life. True, he had got success, which he was the last to underrate; but what heart had beat one pulse the quicker for his triumphs? His parents had died in his infancy, and his sister, who was ten years older than himself, had married early and been engrossed by social cares.

He knew a man who was making a name for himself in parliament who had once said to him, in a moment of expansion, that he counted all laudation as less than nothing until the public verdict had been confirmed by his wife, who sat listening to his speeches within the gilded cage. 'If she passes it I know it's all right, Harcourt;' and then he had added in a sort of irrepressible burst of feeling: 'By Heavens! what a head that girl has on her shoulders, and what a heart of gold!'

Nor was this all: the mood of sentiment went deeper. As he stroked Dolly's flushed cheek and golden mane, and met the eager questioning of her alert young mind, some latent instinct, deep as the roots of being, had quickened into life. Why should not he, as well as other men, know the joys of happy wedlock and the bliss of fatherhood?

Quentin was not a man to deceive himself or to blink even unpalatable truths: preposterous as it seemed, he had for the first time seen and heard the woman he would like to make his wife in the person of Lady Northwick's parlour-maid. To minimise the folly, he felt sure she was not what she professed to be; the poise of head, the free grace of movement, the fine self-containment of expression—pardon him, dear reader, for he was in love!—could only be the outcome of birth and culture. Besides, had he not heard her telling her pretty Greek legend to his niece with a purity of accent and happy choice of words that raised suspicion to conviction, and which had captured his fancy quite as much as the beauty of her upturned face and the searching sweetness of her voice?

On one point he was resolved: he was not going to make a fool of himself; but he had made up his mind to see more of her.

MODERN CONFECTIONERY.



THE modern confectionery business is a very large one, and it is of old standing. If we wished to trace it to its origin we might have to go back not far short of five hundred years. It is about five centuries since sugar was first imported into this country, and it is probably not much less than that since 'confections' began to be concocted. They first appeared in a medical form. Apothecaries, whose potions were at one time very generally supposed to be efficacious just in proportion as they were horribly nasty, took to the newly imported sugar as a means of mitigating the nauseousness of their doses. They mixed their drugs with it and coated their boluses. That seems to have been the origin of the syrups and medicated candies, the cough drops and lozenges of one sort and another that are now so largely in demand. They were originally concocted by the doctors, and for many long years all sorts of 'lollipop' were medicinal only. Sugar was too dear and the generality of people were too poor to permit of its being eaten for its own sake alone and as a mere luxury.

Somewhere about a couple of centuries ago, however, there began to appear a new development of the apothecary's art. 'Confections' began to be made more or less apart from any medicinal

purpose, and merely because people liked them. The confectioner's business began to evolve as an offshoot from the profession of the apothecary, and eventually became altogether a separate thing; though the common origin of the two is still indicated by the syrups and pastilles and troches prescribed by the doctors, and the 'drops' and lozenges and other things sold among the sweet-stuff of the confectioner.

The trade, then, may be regarded as about two hundred years old; but up to quite a recent period it was comparatively very small. Sugar was heavily taxed, the confectioner's art was very rudimentary, and the mechanical appliances at command were slight. Well within living memory almost everything was done by hand. Implements were of the simplest—candy kettles heated on small brick furnaces, pestles and mortars, and rolling-pins and scissors, and so forth. Quantities turned out were very small, comparatively speaking, and 'sweetmeats' of all sorts were dear and often extremely nasty. Sugar is now so low in price that it is not easy to find adulterations for it that will afford much advantage. When sugar was subject to heavy import duty a small quantity of the genuine article was often eked out with anything that could be made to serve and would come cheaper; and it was no unusual thing for children to be made ill by eating, for instance,

sugared almonds, the 'sugar' of which was mainly *alba terra*, with just enough genuine saccharine matter mixed with it to sweeten it, and coloured brilliantly with some injurious mineral.

All this has been changed. Broadly speaking, it may now be said that there are no poisonous ingredients in confectionery of British manufacture; and quite recently manufacturers and wholesale dealers have been forming associations for keeping out of the market adulterated goods of foreign make. This, no doubt, will do much to finally allay what used to be a very general belief in the unwholesomeness of sweets. Of late this belief has not been nearly so prevalent as it used to be, and its dying down has greatly promoted the consumption of all forms of confectionery.

But what has helped more than anything to expand the business has been the great cheapening of sugar, partly of course by the removal of all import duty. At the same time there has been an enormous development of mechanical appliances. Muscles have been supplanted by steam-engines; and pestles and mortars, rolling-pins and scissors, and candy-pans and brick furnaces have given place to revolving pans and steam-pans, and mechanism for beating and kneading and mixing, for cutting and slicing and grinding, for rolling and grating and stamping, for crushing ice and freezing cream, and fifty other processes by which the uninitiated visitor to a modern confectionery factory finds himself stunned and bewildered. The best and most expensive kinds of confectionery are still very largely made by hand processes; but the great mass of sweet-stuff is now produced by machinery. The great factories of Glasgow and East London are amazing, not only in the extent of their premises but in the variety of their processes and the wonderful extent and complexity of their machinery.

This is a branch of industry in which nobody can touch British manufacturers. They supply the whole world, excepting America, where their goods are excluded by a high tariff. But almost every other country consumes British confectionery in large quantities. We take in sugar from various parts of the world, and every year no less than two hundred and fifty thousand tons of it is poured into these great factories of the kingdom, from which it is turned out again in such innumerable shapes and colours, such fantastic forms and subtle disguises, that it is often extremely difficult to say whether it is sugar at all. The writer was recently permitted to go over one of these great establishments, owned by a joint-stock company, Clarke, Nickolls, and Coombes, Limited, Hackney Wick. This huge concern—all devoted to the making of sweetmeats of one sort or another—covers ten acres of ground and has seven acres of floor-space, all as busy as a beehive. The establishment employs two thousand people, a large proportion of whom

are not themselves actually making confectionery, but tending and feeding and controlling all sorts of machinery. Any description of such a place would require a volume. Perhaps the most strikingly curious feature of the whole establishment is the huge copper receptacles in which 'sugar plums' of different sorts are made. These are huge pans, kept hot by steam blown in between their double skins, and revolving on a central pivot with a movement which may be illustrated by rolling one's head round upon one's shoulders. The caraway seeds, or almonds, or whatever are to be sugared, are thrown into these pans and a certain quantity of syrup—that is, liquefied sugar—poured in upon them. Then the pan is set in motion and the whole mass is kept rolling round in a perpetual cataract, the syrup of course sticking on to the almonds in an even and uniform layer, every almond getting a coating which is dried and hardened by the heat of the pan. When the whole of the syrup has thus been distributed and hardened on the kernels, more is poured in and the rolling and the drying continued until this has similarly been appropriated, and so on until the 'sugar plums' are of the required size. Then comes a coating of some colouring matter, which used to be generally magenta crystals for all shades of red, Prussian blue, and Paris green, but which Mr Clarke Saunders, the editor of the *Confectioners' Union*, affirms to be now always something perfectly harmless, such as cochineal or extract of spinach. It is curious to watch these great rolling pans and their bushels of 'comfits' ceaselessly rushing down in noisy torrents and by their friction one with the other getting the symmetrical form and the smooth, hard-polished surface of the sugared almond. It is just the process by which pebbles are made smooth and round upon the seashore, and it is very suggestive of the process by which a good many of us in the rush and friction of life get so many of our angularities and eccentricities rubbed down to something like polish and propriety.

When this sort of business was carried on by old-fashioned methods a man working hard all day could turn out fifty pounds of comfits or dragées. Nowadays a competent man can superintend a dozen of these revolving steam-pans, and they will turn out three or four tons a week.

It is very pretty, too, to see the cutting out of lozenges from what looks, as it is rolled out from the bright steel cylinders of a complicated machine, like a broad, endless band of shining white silk or satin. It moves softly along, a thin stream of refined white sugar, with such additions as may give it consistency and flavour, until it reaches a certain point, when a set of sharp dies press down upon it and the lozenges are made, and the fragments left pass on to be rolled up and spread out again. One might spend a month in one of these bewildering places

and be continually studying interesting details, and all the time getting novel experiences for the palate.

But while sugar is the predominant factor in the manufacture of sweets, the secondary commodities, such as gum, gelatine, almonds, cocoa-nuts, walnuts, pistachio nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, play no mean part in their production. Gum, the product of the acacia-tree, which exudes it in tearlike drops, when melted and mixed with sugar, becomes in the hands of the confectioner jujubes and pastilles. Cocoa-nuts, the American flavouring principle, have a large, varied, and ever-increasing trade of their own. Almonds, the flavouring dear to the French, ground and mixed with sugar, form the well known marzipan. All these are used in large quantities. Thousands of tons of gum and nuts, and shiploads of cocoa-nuts, &c., pass each year through the hands of the confectioner. In fact, the ramifications of the trade are now so great that there is scarcely a country or clime but has to pay toll in one form or another. On the Balkans and in the Riviera busy hands are gathering the flowers to scent those favourite bouquet lozenges and drops. The groves of Italy and Spain ring with laughter as the harvests of lemons, oranges, almonds, and nuts are gathered, principally for the trade. Thousands of girls in France are busy manipulating walnuts into halves for our caramels. Indeed, the great army of workers in forwarding and supplying the trade can scarcely be grasped,

from the artists and chemists of highest repute down to the little girl that plucks flowers by her mother's side.

If it has taken some time to evolve all this from the pestle and mortar of the old apothecaries, there can be no doubt that of late years the process has been very rapid. Since the Great Exhibition of 1851 probably greater advances have been made than in any century previously. Manufacturers from most of the leading countries of the world had in Hyde Park an opportunity of comparing notes, and some of the continental makers are said to have discovered that they were far in arrears of the British manufacturers, and picked up so many ideas, and went home to carry them out with such energy, that it made the Britishers sit up for a time. But in the long-run we have held our own, and our trade is literally world-wide. We use, it is said, a quarter of a million tons of sugar in sweetmeats alone every year, in addition to vast quantities for candying fruits and for making jams. There are reckoned to be eighty thousand retailers of confectionery in this kingdom, and at least one hundred and twenty different trades and callings depending on this industry alone. Mr Saunders says that over one hundred thousand people are directly employed in the making of sweetmeats; but he has omitted to tell us how many little people, and big ones too, are employed more or less regularly all over the world in using up what our British factories make.

OF ROYAL BLOOD.

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER X.—HER HIGHNESS'S CONFIDENCE.



IN an instant I halted, and, bowing, said, 'I trust that your Highness's hand has given you no further trouble.'

'Oh dear, no,' she answered in perfect English, smiling, at the same time drawing her rich skirts towards her to make room for me on the settee at her side; then she added, 'thanks to the professional manner in which you bandaged it. The doctor was quite interested when I showed it to him. Won't you be seated?'

I accepted her invitation, and told her of my surprise on recognising her an hour before.

'I was also surprised to meet you here. I had no idea that you were attached to the British Legation before I inquired. Therefore, please forgive me for not recognising you at first.'

'There is nothing to forgive,' I laughed.

'Sometimes one has to be wary in recognising strangers,' she said in further explanation. 'Immediately I discovered who you were I was annoyed that I had treated you so coldly.'

'A princess has many privileges not extended to others,' I remarked.

'And, alas! *m'sieur*, she is also under many disadvantages of which the world knows nothing,' she added, in a voice of pouting discontent, raising her fine eyes to mine. 'There is nothing I love so much as perfect freedom; yet, unfortunately, I obtain so very, very little of it, hedged in as I am by Court etiquette and a constant fear that those gossiping journalists, ever ready to exaggerate, may make a lot of tittle-tattle to fill up their personal columns.'

'You are fond of cycling?' I asked, smiling. Her confession was so perfectly frank that I at once discredited the Baroness's estimate of her.

'Yes, awfully. I love it,' she declared. 'It is because I am so fond of it that I rise every morning at five, put on my old dress, and go for a spin in the Bois. One of the keepers, who is in the secret, has charge of my cycle. Unnoticed by anybody, I take the first tram from the Place Royale at half-past five, and, with workpeople as fellow-travellers, arrive at the Bois just before six. And then—well, I am free to ride about just as I like; and I can tell you I really enjoy myself. It is such fun. Between six and eight, before the merchants and others come to take their morning ride, the sun is beautiful, and all is so quiet and fresh, with the birds singing gladly, so different from when we go driving there at four among the dust and the carriages and the gaping crowd. The drive at four is regulated by the laws of society—ugh!' and she shrugged her shoulders, causing the brilliants of the beautiful star of some imperial decoration fixed to the broad crimson ribbon across the edge of her bodice to glitter and gleam.

The splendour of those jewels bewildered me, but far more beautiful was that face which had so relaxed in its haughty expression now that we were together. She was entirely ingenuous, inexpressibly charming.

'Yes,' I said, reflectively, 'the trammels must sometimes be galling.'

'They are especially so when one's family is bent upon preserving the old rigour of past exclusiveness. Why, the heads of my family would expire with horror were they to know that I rode a cycle and went alone and unattended into a public park. It was because I did not know you, and feared that you might gossip about my accident, that I preserved my incognito, and declined to allow you to further assist me or to know where I resided.'

'Your Highness must exercise the greatest care,' I remarked warningly. 'Others may recognise you.'

'How can they?' she asked. 'Why, I've gone there every morning for the past month, and the secret has never leaked out. My mother does not even know I possess such an abomination as a cycle,' and she laughed that same merry mischievous laugh which I remembered had escaped her when, on that morning, she bade me adieu and drove away.

'But I noticed that as we were leaving the Bois together more than one man bowed to you,' I said.

'Oh yes,' she laughed. 'They are of the liver-brigade, who take horse-exercise every morning. We have met each morning, passing and repassing, and now we salute, although we have never spoken. But tell me,' she added, 'who told you my name?'

'The Baroness de Melreux,' I answered.

'Ah! yes, I know her,' she observed, after a second's reflection, and I thought her lips com-

pressed ever so little, yet quite sufficient to tell me that they were not friends. Indeed, it would have been strange to find a princess of the proud House of Hapsburg friendly with the gay, skittish little Baroness of whom all Brussels was so fond of talking.

'And has m'sieur been in Brussels long?' she asked, as if determined to ascertain something more about me.

'Only a couple of months,' I replied. 'Previously I was at Constantinople, and before that at Vienna.'

'At Vienna!' she echoed. 'Strange that we have never met there. I do not remember ever having seen you at the Palace.'

'Nor I,' I answered. 'Yet I went to many of the receptions.'

'And you like Brussels?' she asked.

'Yes,' I replied. 'I'm fond of it, because it is always so bright, gay, and careless, without any bustle and turmoil. Here one can be gay or tranquil, just as one likes. It is not so in Paris, in Berlin, or in Vienna.'

'And I, too, am extremely fond of Brussels,' she answered. 'Next to our home on the Moselle, I like Brussels best of all. Do you know the Moselle?'

'Yes, I travelled up there once. It is delightful—very.'

At that instant I recollected how at sunset one evening I had passed on the snorting little steamer close to the great frowning cliff whereon was perched the magnificent, many-turreted, time-worn old pile, the Schloss Brandenburg, the historic home of the Hapsburgs, the windows of which had flashed back the crimson rays of the sun. Of all the castles on the Rhine or Moselle none was so magnificent in its proportions, so well-preserved, or so full of romance of those bygone days when the Archbishop of Trèves and his legions terrorised the district, when castles were invested and sacked, and men and women put to the torture or exhibited in iron cages upon the now crumbling turrets.

'Yes,' she said, 'the Moselle valley, and indeed all the district surrounding it, is very charming. I love it partly because it is my home, but more because there alone can I obtain perfect freedom. I can drive about, go boating, or take rambles over the hills without meeting a soul, save perhaps a stray English tourist from Cochem or Trèves, and by them I am not recognised. Indeed, my maid always says that a serge dress and sailor hat make me look quite English. Do you think so?'

'Certainly,' I responded, laughing. 'To tell the truth I believed you were English when we first met the other day.'

'Lots of people have said so,' she answered, smiling. 'One day at Brandenburg I had been out walking alone all the morning, for I was doing some amateur photography, and became

terribly thirsty. So, on coming to a little village, I entered the inn for some milk; and there I found two young Englishmen who, speaking German rather indifferently, were endeavouring to make the good woman understand their needs. At last I was obliged to assist them; and after thanking me they went out. Then, when they got outside, I heard one say to the other, "No, I tell you she's English governess to some German family here." I was awfully amused.'

I laughed, recollecting that my own opinion had also coincided with that of the unknown Englishman.

'I've heard much of the wonders of Brandenburg; its dungeons, subterranean passages, and strange galleries hewn out of the solid rock,' I said. 'It must be a marvellous old place.'

'Yes, it is beautiful. No happier life does any one wish to lead in summer than there, free from all the formalities of Court and the worries of constant dressing, receiving visitors, dining, and never having an hour to one's self. On the Moselle all is so quiet, so tranquil, so bright, and healthy, that it comes as a pleasant relaxation to us, worn out by a season in London, Berlin, or Vienna. Other people can go to the Baths or the seaside; but we can't, for freedom of life at a popular resort is impossible. Only in the quiet country can we obtain it; and then I, for one, enjoy it to its full.' And her dark, brilliant eyes, so full of enthusiasm, sparkled gleefully as she spoke.

Who, I wondered, was this mysterious lover of hers of whom the Baroness had spoken? Could it be possible that the real motive of her going each morning so early to those leafy glades was in order to meet him?

'And you don't cycle when at Brandenburg?' I asked.

'Dear me, no!' she answered holding up her hand with a look of horror. 'I dare not let anyone know that I have a cycle. On the morning of my accident I took it at once to a repairer's, and it's there now. You know my secret. I rely on you not to mention it to any one.'

'Of course not,' I replied, flattered by her Highness's confidence. 'I promise not to utter a single word.'

'Ah! I knew you would be chivalrous,' she exclaimed gaily.

'I would like very much indeed to exhibit a further chivalry, if I might?' I said, emboldened by her freedom of manner.

She glanced sharply at me with a very puzzled expression. 'I don't quite understand,' she exclaimed.

'Permission to cycle in the Bois on the next morning your Highness goes there would delight me,' I explained.

'Certainly,' she answered, slightly inclining her head with an infinite grace. 'I have no objection

whatever. Of course, if any of your friends notice you, you'll not tell them who I am.'

Her answer filled me with enthusiasm. It showed that she, a princess of the blood royal, was not averse to my companionship. Cautious lest she should commit an error of etiquette, and give offence to her proud family, she was nevertheless plain, honest, outspoken, and charming, modest, and unassuming, like any ordinary woman; and fond of throwing off the constant exclusiveness with which every member of a royal family must of necessity be enveloped. That she could be cold, haughty, and disdainful I had already witnessed; so also had I seen that she could be communicative and confidential. Yes, she was a princess, and unique.

The whirl of the dance passed before us, the perfumed skirts of the dancers whisking now and then almost in our faces, yet I heeded them not. I sat beside her, spellbound by her beauty. In that brief half-hour, while we had talked, I had cast aside my creed as a diplomatist; I had cast to the winds all my foolish vows regarding women. I loved her. Yes, I confess openly that I loved her.

Yet when I reflected, even while she chatted on unconcernedly, I saw how absurd it all was, how utterly foolish was my infatuation. Had I been a youthful sprig of the aristocracy, fresh from the Foreign Office and pitchforked into diplomacy by family influence, it might have been understood; but of me, well seasoned by ten years of Court life, and a member of the Secret Service of Her Majesty to boot, such a thing was utterly ridiculous. I told myself all this. I argued with myself that, while she was a princess of royal blood, I was merely a diplomatist, not very high up in the service, and a little matter of ten thousand pounds in my bank in London was all I possessed in the world. Nevertheless, love overrode all my misgivings. The magnetic influence of those bright dark eyes, the brilliance of which outmatched even the glittering tiara on her brow, held me to her. Yes, I was irretrievably her slave.

Again the recollection of those words of the Baroness arose within me. They implied that she had a secret lover, one who, like myself, she dare not acknowledge before the world. Was that, I wondered, the actual truth? Did this man, whoever he might be, possess her heart? One thing at least was certain, that she did not meet him in the mornings in the Bois, or she would not have so readily granted me permission to cycle with her. She might, however, meet him at night. That was, I thought, more probable. She could pass unrecognised along those dimly-lit leafy boulevards down which the electric trams flash so quickly, and where, in the centre walk—an ideal promenade for lovers—but little light penetrates after nightfall. I glanced again at her face, flawless in its beauty. It was impossible for

a woman of her loveliness to have no accepted admirer. Then a strange and half-dreamy thought crossed my mind. Could I, some day in the future, induce her to transfer her affections to me instead? That was the height of my ambition. In future I would live only for her, for I honestly and truly loved her.

Suddenly looking into my eyes with that same frank expression that was so charming, she said, with a smile:

'You have not invited me to dance, m'sieur. Why?'

'I—well, I did not think you would care to dance with me,' I stammered.

'Why,' she laughed, rising at the same moment, 'I shall be delighted. As you did not invite me, I have invited myself. Will you forgive me?'

'Certainly,' I replied, amused at her frankness of manner; and a few moments later we were gliding down the room. She was a magnificent dancer; but I fear I cut a horrible figure, for I felt that every eye of that brilliant crowd was fixed upon us, and thought I detected comments as we passed. However, I have now little remembrance of the details of that dance with the lovely woman who had entranced me; all I recollect is that after two turns around the great ballroom she declared that the heat had made her thirsty, and suggested that we should go to the supper-room.

She took my arm, and I was about to lead her to the place I had entered an hour before; but she suggested another apartment on the opposite side of the ballroom, of the existence of which I had not been aware. On our way we encountered Giffard, who stood transfixed in wonder, and staring at me, amazed no doubt at witnessing who was my companion. I knew that when we met later he would put me through a pretty stiff cross-examination regarding my acquaintance with the Princess, and wondered what I should say.

The room proved to be a kind of Moorish lounge, a great place, rather dimly-lit, with hanging-lamps of beaten brass, carpeted with thick Eastern rugs, decorated in heavy crimson and gold, and full of tiny inviting-looking alcoves. In one of these alcoves we ensconced ourselves, whereupon a liveried servant at once approached, asking:

'What may I get your Royal Highness? Champagne-cup?'

'Ah, no!' she exclaimed. 'Get me a little anisette and ice-water.'

I ordered something, I forget what, and then we resumed our pleasant chat. There were but few people in our vicinity; and, as we sat there in the dim half-light, it suddenly occurred to me that any one discovering us would at once accuse us of flirtation. In the tiny alcove she lolled lazily among the soft silken cushions, laughing low as she sipped her anisette. Her tiny

foot, with its satin shoe, was stretched forth upon the dark rug, and she had placed one white-gloved hand behind her head in an attitude of languor.

Here she seemed to throw off that stiffness and restraint which she had been forced to preserve in the ballroom, and once I thought I detected just the slightest suspicion of a sigh. Our gossip was mainly about people in Brussels whom we both knew, until of a sudden she asked:

'Have you known the Baroness de Melreux long?'

'About four years, I think.'

'Ah! before her marriage,' she said quickly. 'And you are her friend?' She uttered that query with a hardness of tone which sounded very strange. She seemed to lay undue stress upon the word 'friend.'

'Well, not exactly,' I said. 'We are not very intimate friends. I knew her in Vienna. She used very often to be there with her mother.'

'Yes, yes; I know,' she said with a note of impatience in her voice. 'I fear, however, she's not my friend.'

'Well, no one takes her seriously,' I observed. 'Her character is rather too well known.'

'But people are apt to regard idle gossip as containing some substratum of truth,' she answered; and then there flashed upon my recollection the allegation of the Baroness that she had a secret lover. Was she now trying to warn me against giving credence to any libellous utterances?

'To the chatter of such a woman no one gives heed,' I assured her.

But she only shook her head doubtfully, observing, 'There are some women whose tongues are full of venom.'

'Yet those who are invulnerable need have no fear,' I added.

She sighed, and a deep shadow of pain crossed her brow; only, however, for an instant. Then, in the dim light, I saw those brilliant dark eyes fixed upon mine with a strange earnestness that puzzled me.

'We have not yet fixed our meeting for cycling,' I said at last, for want of something else to say.

'To-morrow morning, if you will,' she answered, quickly interested. 'Shall we say at six, just at the entrance to the Bois, where the trams stop?'

'Yes,' I responded. 'I shall be extremely delighted.' At that instant, however, the tall figure of a man in plain evening dress came suddenly into view. He walked alone, slowly, with his hands behind his back and his head slightly bent as if in thought. He trod the thick rugs noiselessly; but so dim was the light that above the white of his shirt-front I could not clearly distinguish his features. That he was beyond the average height was evident, and he was

rather slim; while from the squareness of his shoulders I guessed that he had not yet attained middle age. Slowly he approached, a dark, silent figure displaying a wide expanse of shirt-front; and as he drew near to us I was suddenly amazed to notice a look of unspeakable

fear in my companion's fathomless eyes. Her white-gloved hand instinctively sought mine, and trembled as it grasped my wrist; her face was very pale; and she shrank back into the deeper shadow of the alcove, beside me, as if to hide herself, breathless, trembling, terrified.

DISTINGUISHED EDINBURGH DOGS.

By EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON.



HERE are divers dogs of Edinburgh who, having been the adherents of eminent citizens, by reason of the good company they kept have won renown and secured mention in their patrons' biographies. But there are also a few of the Northern Capital's canine inhabitants who have had noteworthy careers of their own; and to the history of these exceptional four-footed people this paper is limited.

To begin with: there are those martial dogs who have laid their weary bones in the topmost heights of 'High Dunedin,' for the pets who die when quartered in the Castle, on the strength of the regiments, are buried on a shelf of rock just below Mons Meg's wide mouth. Their headstones record that Conas and Don of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, Maruf of the Royal Scots, Flora the canteen pet of the same regiment, Tiney of the 78th Highlanders, Jess of the 42d, Kate belonging to the drummers of the 92d Gordon Highlanders, another Flora the band pet of the 79th, Pat of the 72d (who followed the regiment in peace and war for ten years), and many more, are laid there. 'Let Sleeping Dogs lie' is the advice engraven above the inscription 'To the Memory of York;' and certainly these dogs of war lie at ease, not forgotten, but undisturbed by guns or trumpet-call.

Pat's picture was in the Royal Scottish Academy, representing him as a smooth-coated little tyke. He was of nondescript breed, but of great intelligence and well versed in the performance of tricks. He had a travelled, eventful history. One master was killed in action; but a brother-officer adopted the quaint white mongrel as his special charge. Pat was in an Afghan campaign, which proved fatal to another regimental dog, John Harrison, a retriever. John often followed his master, the Colonel, through Edinburgh's gray streets. The heat on his last foreign service was, however, too much for him; and, on the march to Kandahar, John was shot for fear he should lag; and rests, like many another warrior, in a grave where a Briton had laid him. Pat, being small and short-haired, withstood the Indian heat. He went with his second master to Egypt; but, the glare of the sands threatening to impair his already failing sight, the four-footed veteran was sent home on sick-leave. He never rejoined

his Highlanders; but, by special desire, when he died at his Midlothian retreat, he was rolled in the coat the soldiers had made for him of their regimental tartan, and buried in the well-tended niche in the crown of the City of the Winds. The *Scotsman* had an obituary notice of another dog-soldier, a contemporary of Pat's called Dyce, who also, aged eleven, died in Edinburgh some ten or more years ago. He belonged to a non-commissioned officer of the 13th Hussars. His mother had been attached to the army, so Dyce was bound to have a military career, being born in the barracks of Lucknow. Like others of his species who were soldiers of the Queen, he did not flinch under a baptism of fire, and also, like Pat and John Harrison, saw service and bullets in the Afghan campaign. Once he fell out of a military train in India, and was given up by his comrades as lost; but he recovered his senses, followed the retreating van, and rejoined his regiment at the next station. He travelled with his master to the Antipodes; and finally, like many a war-worn soldier and satisfied globe-trotter, Dyce ended his days a peaceful citizen of Edinburgh.

There was a dog-grave right in the most trade-ful centre of our once romantic town, for a North British Railway terrier, Spot by name, was buried between the lines near the platform from which, a few years ago, the Fife trains used to leave for the North. In the regeneration of the Waverley Station, Spot's grave, with many another landmark, has been obliterated. Looking over the west side of the Waverley Bridge, passers-by once upon a time could see the mimic headstone and the trigly-kept, often flower-covered, mound which marked the fox-terrier's appropriate resting-place in the midst of the dirl and scream of engines; for Spot when in life, being of a brisk, bustling breed, enjoyed the roar of traffic. Between the guards'-room and the lamp-room fire he had a warm berth of it in that draughty hollow. He was welcome to bit and sup with his official friends, and he had the final pick of the refreshment-room bones. The railway terrier must have witnessed a deal of busy nineteenth century life. He saw soldiers, biped and quadruped, welcomed from abroad with their laurels freshly green. He saw regiments depart lament-

ing over the girls they left behind. He viewed many celebrities arrive or pass through our historic city. Even if Lord Provost and councillors greeted them in scarlet robes, or if they quietly and unostentatiously puffed off north or south, as is even the royal custom now, there was a commonplace, utilitarian air about their mode of transit far different from what the next dog on our list saw in Reformation times. It looked on sixteenth century pageants and picturesque regal processions. It heard news of battle ringing down the street. So did Spot for that matter, for he listened to scrubby boys crying '*Dispatch*—latest edition—news from the Cape—Highlanders to the front—heavy losses.' The dog that belonged to the Reformation times, however, heard his war-news from some heavily-armed soldier, who urged his weary steed up the thronged 'causey' of a ridgy-backed Auld Reekie. Our country's frontier was, in his days, the Tweed, our allies were the French, our inveterate enemies were the English.

Changeful times have come. The dogs already spoken of belong to this century. The Reformer's dog knew Edinburgh when Mary was Queen of Scots; for John Craig, its master, who became Knox's assistant in St Giles's, refused to be either bribed or threatened into marrying his Sovereign Lady to Bothwell. His dog may have 'looked kyndly' up into Mary's fair, unfortunate face, as it is reported to have done when first it met its master. Craig's father died, like ten thousand more stout Scots, grimly fighting at Flodden. His mother educated her orphaned babe for the Church, and in due time he became a Dominican friar, first at St Andrews, then at Bologna. At the latter place he read Calvin's *Institutes*, which turned his faith away from the dogmas of the Church of Rome; so, literally, to Rome he was taken, tried, and condemned to be burned for his heretical views. Opportunely for him Pope Paul IV. died the day before his sentence was to be put into execution. On the death of the Pope the populace rose in rebellion; and, among other breaches of the peace they committed while rioting, they flung open the prison doors. When order was restored, a military detachment was sent to recapture some of the prisoners who were lurking in the skirts of the Eternal City. Craig had luckily befriended a wounded soldier at Bologna, and this man was in command of the troop and recognised the Scotsman as his benefactor. He repaid his debt of gratitude by giving him money, advice which road to take, and the chance to elude his slack soldiers.

Spottiswoode, describing Craig's flight, relates 'a singular testimony of God's care of him, and this it was: When he had travelled some days, declining the highways out of fear, he came into a forest, a wild desert place; and, being forewearied, he lay down among some bushes on the side of a brook to refresh himself. Lying there, pensive and full of thoughts (for neither knew he where

he was, nor had he any means to bear him out of the way), a dog cometh fawning, with a purse in his teeth and lays it down before him. He, stricken with fear, riseth up; and, looking about if any were coming that way, when he saw none, taketh it up, and construing the same to proceed from God's favourable providence towards him, followed his way till he came to a little village, where he met with some that were travelling to Vienna in Austria; and, changing his intended course, went in their company thither.' Dr Graves Law, who edited Craig's *Catechism*, and prefaced it by a biography, adds: 'Row tells substantially the same story.' Row states the miraculous purse was 'full of gold all of one kynd; and, being then well provided, he [Craig] travels on, and after some stay abroad he comes home to Scotland, and brought with him to *Edinburgh the dog*, the purse, and some of the gold. This,' continues Row, 'though it may seem fabulous to some, I know it to be as certain as any humane thing can be; for the wife of this worthy servant of Jesus Christ, living in Edinr. (where he was one of the town ministers and verie honest, streight, and famous in his tyme), surviving her husband for many yeares, until the year of 1630, did often relate this historie with all the passages of it to me and many others. She was an honest woman, *fide digna*, well known in Edinburgh under the name of Dame Craig.' This tale of the canine pursebearer is corroborated by other contemporary historians, some, as Dr Law says, embroidered, making it 'ane blak dog,' and asseverated it was an emissary from the lower regions; but this chronicler, Dr John Hamilton, was a staunch Catholic, and loud in denunciations against the disrobed friar. But even Craig's bitterest enemies never doubted the veracity of his curious acquisition of money and follower. Dr Law adds: 'The story of the dog is quoted by George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in his *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, where it certainly appears, as Mr Hill Burton remarks in his *History of Scotland*, in rather awkward company.' Craig's four-footed angel we are glad to claim as an Edinburgh inhabitant. We hear no more after the Reformer's return of his gold-bringing canine friend, who no doubt had to yield the crown of the 'causey' to the buirdly northern hounds who looked askance at the southerner. We hope Dame Craig kept his bicker well filled; at any rate, if he wearied of porridge, the middens in the closes and courts of Auld Reekie would yield variety of diet to his oaten fare.

Our good city, even in these sanitary 'redd-up' days, allows hungry human beings and pariahs a chance to pick up the crumbs which fall alike from the poor and the rich man's table. Many a well-housed, pampered Edinburgh dog would forego his luxurious bed and his daintily-dished dinner for the kennelless vagrant's prerogative

to 'rake the buckets.' There was lately a black retriever which became known as the Hermit, who resided in solitary grandeur on the brow of the Castle Rock. It doubtless drowsed all day, or, if troubled with insomnia, sat watching the traffic in Princes Street; but when householders put out their refuse, whether they did so at 6 A.M. or 11 P.M., Hermit clambered from her eyry, and sallied out to pick up a varied meal from the 'buckets.' The keepers of the Princes Street Gardens saw the Hermit going or returning from these dinner-hunts, and wondered, as 'no dogs are admitted' to their precincts, how this black animal broke the bylaws. Her very gait, a slinking lope, betrayed her as a wild animal, and she was both shy and sly when she found herself watched. Hermit kept to her home on the rock, defying all attempts to capture and oust her as a trespasser till she found the inaccessible kennel she had appropriated proved an unsafe nursery for her toddling pups. In their infantile gambols they rolled over, and their plump black corpses were found below on the green turf.

Hermit, because of this disaster, and finding her cell was attracting notice, removed to level ground north of the city, where a piece of old park-land is leased for tennis courts. There she pitched her camp under a hedge behind the house in which R. L. Stevenson was born. She, the most timid of vagabonds, became amenable to human blandishments, ate of the food regularly laid down for her, and appreciated the boarding put to screen the hollow she had dug for herself from the wind. She was about to be arrested as a vagrant, but the warrant was difficult to serve because of the ominous row of teeth she showed those who accused her of having paid no tax. She consented then to allow the lady who had fed her to fasten a collar on to her neck. After the badge was on she bowed her head submissively to the yoke, and entered her patron's house, where she became thoroughly domesticated. She lost her wolfish walk. Her rusty, matted coat fell off and she turned as sleek and glossy as an astrakhan jacket, gambolled gaily, and learned to wag her tail, which in her pariah days was tucked out of sight. She finally attached herself to a lorryman; and this queer Edinburgh vagabond and scavenger, who though living in our midst would let no one touch her, and even if spoken to slunk away with suspicious glance, died not only under a roof but in a bed. A van recently ran over her in Leith Walk. Her master carried her home and laid her on his mother's bed. Hermit looked up gratefully on her friend before she breathed her last.

Another Edinburgh dog who doubtless heard his human friends speak of Hermit's unlawful squatting on the Castle Rock was Joe the police dog, a good-looking black-and-tan collie. He be-

longed to a firm in Leith; but he resolved to be a policeman. He was sent back several times to his owners, but returned so persistently to the force that finally he was allowed to join them. He had no ambition to rise in his profession. The sergeants treated him well, but he took little notice of them. He ordained to go on duty with constables only, and his particular beat was the east end of Princes Street, with an occasional inspection of Rose Street. He walked at a measured, dignified pace, or ensconced himself at the base of an island lamp-post opposite the Register House, watching and observant. Like Spot at Waverley, bustle and noise pleased him. His tail was run over by a lorry once, and when any of his blue-coated friends inquired about it he rose to show them the injured joint. People in civilian dress he did not encourage to speak to him. Tramway inspectors or postmen he permitted to commend him, but the constables alone were allowed to pat him. He never shirked his self-imposed work, for it was not only when the sun shone he acted as official watch-dog. In foul or fair weather Joe was on duty superintending the regulation of traffic or parading his beat. He fared sumptuously, for the neighbouring hotels kept their scraps for him. He was given a collar and a coat, and for six years he was in the force; but, walking along Princes Street in August 1897, he fell dead at the heels of his biped comrade-guardian of the peace. He is buried near to the scene of his constant though unpaid labour in St Andrew Square Gardens. Joe, having placed himself under the eye of the law, could afford to wink at the tax-collector.

For not paying his annual seven shillings of tribute, another Edinburgh dog first came into notoriety by appearing in court in 1867. Summoned along with him was a compassionate restaurant-keeper, who was accused of 'harbouring' the dog, for he had fed the desolate beast, who sat among the tombs which the windows of his house overlooked. The dog and his humane friend were tried before three magistrates, who seasoned the law with mercy. After hearing Bobby's story they forgave him for not paying his rates, and so saved him from drinking a Lethian draught. Bobby's master, one Gray, died in 1858, and his chief—nay, almost only—mourner was his shaggy terrier, who refused to leave his grave in Greyfriars Churchyard. In vain was he harshly driven out. Bobby stubbornly returned to the spot where he had seen his master's coffin laid. He loitered for years with ineffaceable memory round the soon effaced mound over the humble grave. Bobby's trial made him notorious. The Baroness Burdett Coutts visited Greyfriars, and saw the Highland mourner sitting patiently watching the sacred spot. Mr Gourlay Steell painted the leal little terrier. The masterless dog, fed on charity, had by an irony of fate great length of days granted

to him, and when his lease of life ended, he, like his master, was buried in Greyfriars Churchyard. At the street-corner, near by the churchyard gate, a granite fountain, with an effigy of the dog sitting on guard, bears the inscription: 'A tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriars Bobby. In 1858 this faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars Churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872. With permission, erected by the Baroness Burdett Coutts.'

Not so far off from the spot where bronze and granite bear witness to Bobby's fourteen years' unflinching loyalty to the memory of his master, an Edinburgh dog, a giant in size and a giant in reputation, for he is our best known Edinburgh dog, first met his biographer. This biographer was 'Maister John the young doctor, Rab's friend, ye ken,' as James, the dog's owner, explained when introducing him to his wife at the hospital door. Thirty-four years after the 'Game Chicken' was killed in the Cowgate, as R. L. Stevenson sang in lines addressed to Dr John Brown:

Ye stapped your pen into the ink,
An' there was Rab.

Through the doctor's 'wee bit clarkit screed' every one knows Rab from the day he 'sauntered down the middle of the causeway as if with his hands in his pockets' till he went the last journey with the cart bearing Ailie's body home, with her 'beautiful sealed face open to the heavens.' We owe a big debt of gratitude to the Edinburgh physician who, besides grasping the healing-rod of Esculapius could wield the pen so ably that he made the English reading world

acquainted with *Rab and his Friends*. Rab is immortal. So huge a favourite is he we are glad that two modern writers doubt not that, like the carrier and his wife, Rab enjoys a life beyond the grave. Stevenson, in the poem to Dr John Brown already quoted, pictures Rab no longer 'a ghaist o' paper,' but with

Stumpie tailie
He bristles at a new hearthstane
By James and Ailie;

and Swinburne, speaking of the precocious Pet Marjorie, whom Scott loved to kidnap and carry warm and dry in the neuk of his plaid along George Street, through an on-ding of snow to his study fire, hopes for

Some happier isle in the Elysian fields
Where Rab may lick the hand of Marjorie.

The peculiarly engaging Marjorie Fleming, in the very room in Castle Street where *Waverley* was written, would stroke the haughty cat Hinse of Hindsfelt, or try and teach the great hound Maida 'Onery, twoery, tickery, seven,' which its stupid master could not repeat aright. Just a year before Pet Marjorie came to beguile Scott in that memorable house No. 39, Camp, Sir Walter's favourite dog, had, one moonlight night, been buried in the green behind the Wizard's study; and Marjorie would be shown the spot where Sir Walter, with a sadness of face so great it was engraven on his daughter's memory, had himself smoothed the turf over his 'dear old friend's grave.' But Scott's dogs, who gambolled so gaily around him, form a distinct story by themselves, or have to be classed with those of their species who were the canine companions of celebrated Edinburgh men.

A JUST SENTENCE.



HE great desolate moor stretched in all directions. On a dull autumn afternoon there is scarcely a more desolate spot to be found in all England than the moor that lies to the north of Harton Fords Prison.

Standing two miles north, the eye wanders over an apparently limitless waste of flat lands overgrown with coarse, reed-like grass and sedges. They are only relieved here and there by gray pools of water where the sedges and reeds grow higher, and many of them lie broken and bruised, trailing in darker threads over the dark, still water. There are always these broken reeds in the gloomy pools, though there seems nothing to break them. There are rough and narrow roads crossing Harton Fords in two or three directions; but few stray beyond them, for the bleak desolation of the moors is not attractive, and the vegetation is too poor and coarse to give

healthy nourishment to even the least fastidious of cattle.

At one of the farthest points from these roads stand some of those mysterious ruins which seem to have sprung up of themselves in the most barren spots, so shrouded in mystery is their origin and date. Great rocks and boulders lie scattered and tossed above and around each other, as though flung by Titan hands; some of them prostrate, some leaning against others in rough squares and circles that form rooms of a sort. These ruins, whatever they may be, stretch for some distance; only at one extremity of them is their use known, or at least the use to which men of later time have turned them. At the southern end the ground is known to be undermined by large caves communicated with through a rough trap-door in one of the crudely-formed rock-chambers. These caves in the heyday of smuggling were found very convenient storage-

places for property which had failed to pay the legal duty; but, now that smuggling is an almost extinct industry, the sandstone caves are declared unsafe, and the authorities have long ago closed the chamber that leads to them with a wooden door heavily barred with iron, so that visitors are allowed no chance of breaking their necks or limbs.

One bright day in June a man and a girl were walking across Harton Fords towards the ruins, and it was easy to see from the interest she showed in the desolate scene that the girl at least was a stranger to the neighbourhood. As they reached a turn in the winding path she paused and glanced back.

'How gloomy that place looks!' she said, with a little gesture towards the frowning pile of the great prison that loomed in the far distance. 'I don't wonder Harton Fords is so horribly dismal; nothing could be cheerful overlooked by that.'

Her companion, a man of about six-and-thirty, stared back at it thoughtfully. 'I feel pretty much the same,' he said with a short laugh; 'but with a good deal more reason. I helped some of the unlucky beggars that inhabit it to their fate, you know.'

Helen Carden put her hand inside her husband's arm and turned away with a shiver. 'Let's forget it, dear. Do you know, I'm as proud as I can be that you're one of the most skilful counsel at the Bar, and yet'— She hesitated, and Carden looked at her with a smile in his dark eyes.

'And yet'—?

'Well, since I've seen the gangs of convicts from Harton Fords, I almost wish sometimes—not quite, dear, but almost—that you were anything else. They do look so miserable.'

'Most of them deserve to be miserable,' replied Carden practically. 'They're precious scoundrels. Don't trouble your pretty head about them, Nell, and don't stop being proud of me. I'm a conceited fellow, and I like you to share in my self-conceit.'

He laughed lightly, his eyes on the girl's face. The cloud vanished, and she looked up with an answering laugh and a great deal of loving admiration very openly and innocently expressed. She was a wife of four weeks' standing, and had not yet recovered from her astonishment that the man who, at the legally infantine age of six-and-thirty, stood among the highest of his profession loved her with all his heart.

'I never shall,' she replied. 'Never. There are the ruins, Lewis. I wonder who the workmen were who first built them.'

The two stood looking at the great gray stones a minute, and then entered them and explored their fantastic groves with many speculations such as every tourist makes on visiting such a place. Helen Carden had heard of the underground caves and their closed entrance.

'I wish we could see them,' she said immediately. 'I always love caves. One can conjure up rather eerie fancies there that don't come elsewhere.'

'And you like such fancies? It's the attraction of opposites.'

Carden laughed as he spoke, and looked across at a door some little distance from them. 'That's the entrance to them; barred across—do you see?'

'Is that it? Ah, but the trap-door lies behind. I wonder'—

She went across and began to examine the fastenings with small inquisitive hands. Carden leant his back against the ruins and watched her. He was a man who, brilliantly intellectual, had in him the strain of hardness that often goes with the steel-like intellect that is keenly incisive and polished but not broad. Partly from this temperament, partly from the necessity of his profession, he had hardened his heart against that portion of the human race which is given to marked wrongdoing, and had certainly never, until his marriage, felt anything approaching pity for the men whom he pleaded for or against. With the entrance of Helen into his life had come a change; and, because his love had taught him gentleness with her, he had almost unconsciously taken a kindlier outlook on mankind in general.

After a few minutes, his wife looked back at him. 'I wish you'd try to open it,' she said eagerly. 'It gives even as I push it. These old bolts are quite worn out.'

'Are they?' Carden pulled himself up and tested the fastenings with his hand. 'I'll write to the authorities; that's dangerous. Open it for you? Certainly not. I've no wish for you to come to grief, Nell.'

'Should you care much?' She spoke laughingly, and looked back at him with dancing eyes.

Carden, with a quick contraction of the brows, caught her hand in his and kissed her. 'No one to see,' he said, with a half-shamefaced laugh. 'Don't talk of such things, Nell. I'm a fool where you are concerned, and talking seems to make them possible.'

He turned away, her hand still in his, and led her round to the other end of the ruins to the one point where a view could be obtained of something besides the bleak moor and prison. Here the silver stream of the Harton could be seen winding across distant meadows, and Carden arranged a couple of flat stones so as to form a comfortable seat for his wife, and threw himself down at her feet.

'I certainly am a fool, Nell. Till I knew you, I should have felt no particular sorrow if half my acquaintances had smashed through trap-doors, but with you'—!

'You can't even bear a hint that I might smash too, you foolish fellow.'

'No, I can't.'

He turned quickly and looked up at his wife. Words of endearment were rare with him; but Nell Carden met his look and was satisfied.

'Do you know you have dropped your stick somewhere, dear?' she asked presently. 'You brought it with you, I know.'

Carden pulled himself into a sitting posture and looked round. 'So I have. I put it down when I was trying those bolts by the underground entrance. I'll just go back; it won't take me ten minutes.'

'Well, don't try exploring on your own account, dear. You're not so careful as I could wish, Lewis, when I'm not by to look after you.'

She nodded gaily, and sat watching the tall figure as Carden went rather heavily towards the other end of the ruins. He was too large physically, and of too strong a nature, to move very lightly even when he had been a boy. He glanced back as he reached an angle which would hide his wife from his view, and gave a minute's keen scrutiny to her surroundings. He had heard a piece of news the day before, which, as it recurred to his mind, made him half sorry he had left her alone. However, he was close to the subterranean entrance now, and he need not lose sight of her for more than three minutes; it would indeed hardly take him that time to reach the barred door near which his lost property was probably lying and return to his present position.

He walked on with long, swift strides. He was not mistaken; the cane he had been carrying lay on a rough rock pedestal close to the door. He picked it up and turned to go, when his eye was caught by a bar near the top of the door. He had tested the fastenings at his wife's remark half an hour before, but he was certain they had all been in their place. He had felt them yield somewhat to his fingers, but he had not exerted sufficient strength to force them. Of that he felt absolutely sure. Yet now the two bars at the top were displaced, and only the two lower ones prevented entrance.

Carden's keen eyes examined them curiously a moment, then he laid down his stick. He was a little excited in his calm fashion. He felt certain that in the half-hour since he had left the spot no visitors could have arrived without his having seen their approach over the moor; on the other hand, bars do not quit their place without hands. He drew back a couple of paces, and then sent the full impact of his strong shoulder against the door. It shook violently, then the rusted hinges gave way, and Carden, recovering himself from the impetus of his spring, walked in. Three steps he took, then there was a rush behind him, the door was flung into its place again by strong hands, and Carden turned sharply. A man was standing in an angle of the broken masonry; a

man as tall and strong as himself, but with his great shoulders bowed as if by heavy labour, and his head stooping forward between them. He was looking at Carden with furious anger in his eyes, and his breath came in sharp pants.

'You've hunted me down again,' he cried; 'but I swear you shan't send me in a second time, Mr Carden.' He took a firmer grip of a thick club he held, his face despairing despite its fury.

The barrister put one hand into his pocket, and surveyed the man stolidly. 'I heard you had escaped,' he said coolly. 'As to hunting you down, I did not do that; but now I have come across you I shall certainly lose no time in trying to send you in a second time, as you express it. Let me pass.' The barrister made a slight, imperious gesture with his hand.

The other moved half aside as if by a blind instinct of obedience; then, recollecting himself, he sprang forward and flung himself in Carden's path, his club threateningly raised.

'I am desperate,' he cried. 'Do you think you are going to stop my way now I am free at last. It's to you I owe such years of death in life as no happiness would ever blot from my mind; and now, when they lie behind, before heaven, I'll kill you rather than re-enter them.' As he spoke it was easy to see that he was, as he said, desperate, and in the mood when men will take human life in sheer reckless despair with as little realisation of what they are doing as the veriest madman.

Carden's even tones fell like ice on fire. 'I believe you would,' he said. 'When a gentleman, such as you once were, Dr Boyd, takes to crime, he is a far greater danger to society than the ordinary criminal. However, you are talking nonsense now. Knowing you had escaped, I made preparations for a possible interview.' The barrister drew his hand quickly from his pocket; there was a flash of sunlight glinting on steel, and the muzzle of a revolver pointed straight at the escaped convict.

The man gazed at it motionless a minute; then the light died from his eyes, and he sank down into an abject heap, with an inarticulate cry. But the next minute he leapt to his feet, shaking clenched hands.

'Is there no pity in heaven or earth?' he cried. 'My God, I can't bear it again! I can't!' He turned to Carden. 'If you've any mercy, shoot me outright. I've had three years of torture—hopeless, chained torture, with every bit of trust I ever had in God or man dying out, every lingering faith in justice human or divine killed by facts. At first I used to think that the world was looked after by Somebody, but afterwards I learned how absurd such a creed is; and if the idea came back, and my escape seemed a mercy straight from heaven, I see now it's all a part of the huge joke that has

been played with me. Shoot me, Mr Carden, and put the revolver by me. They'll bring it in suicide, and you'll know that at last you showed mercy.'

The barrister listened quietly. He had heard such appeals too many times to be easily moved, and he recollected very clearly the circumstances under which he had procured this man's condemnation. 'What about the poor young fellow you murdered?' he asked sternly. 'It's a flagrant absurdity for you to talk of crime of justice, when you yourself confessed your crime.'

The man hesitated. The passionate yearning for freedom was so strong in him. He looked at the stern eyes of the barrister, whose eloquence had turned a wavering jury against him, and felt himself helpless in his hands. He looked round at the wide moor and the blue sky with hopeless, hunted longing in his eyes, and back to the unyielding face opposite, and the steady hand that held the revolver.

'I saw you an hour ago, sir,' he said abruptly. 'Was that your wife with you?'

Carden took a step forward. 'Kindly refrain from mentioning her,' he said sharply. 'Now, walk out in front of me.'

'One moment.' Boyd's eyes sought his eagerly. 'Whoever she was, I saw you loved her. I know the look in a man's face—and a woman's too. It's strange—isn't it, Mr Carden?—but, murderer as I am, I've loved a woman in the days when I was a man with a man's rights.' He laughed bitterly. 'What would you do, Mr Carden, if some scoundrel were to take her from you? What would you *not* do?' He looked at Carden's impassive face, and saw it suddenly flash into fire.

The barrister answered roughly. 'Hold your tongue,' he said, 'or I shall know how to stop it.'

But Boyd had seen and had noted the involuntary clench of the broad hand. 'Just so,' he said grimly. 'Well, I loved her like that, and Lane, the man I murdered—I confess it again, you see—took her from me. I'd have forgiven him that—maybe; but he dragged her down to the mire. I needn't say more.'

The convict's gaunt frame was shaking all over as he went on. 'I thought she loved me till I found this out; and then when I taxed him, he laughed and exulted in it; and I had seen her face white with despair only an hour before—the face I loved—and I struck him, not knowing or caring what I did, so that I could kill the laugh on his lips—the laugh at her despair. I did not mean to kill him, though I'm not sorry I did. She was the sweetest and purest woman God ever made till he touched her.'

His voice broke into a sob and he brushed his arm across his eyes. He had for the moment forgotten his enemy, and started violently as a hand dropped on his shoulder.

'Why didn't you tell all this at the trial?' asked Carden huskily.

'Don't you understand, man? I loved her—and I thought when I got free, three days ago, that I could still find her—she went back to her old home—and marry her if she would, and make things better for her. I meant to. I thought, like a fool, that Whoever rules the world meant that I and she should both have another chance.'

Boyd paused, looking straight before him, his hands dropping idly at his sides, blank misery in his face. Then he turned abruptly and looked up at the other. 'Do you understand a little now?' he said roughly. 'You would not have understood once; but you love now—I saw it. Wouldn't you have done the same?'

Carden drew his hand over his eyes as if to clear their vision. 'I don't know. I might have, I believe—if Nell—I believe I should.'

Boyd nodded and sat silent.

Presently Carden touched him. 'Dr Boyd,' he said gravely, 'I am not your judge. I shall not hinder you. As far as I am concerned you are free.'

The convict stared at him a moment, then he stretched out a doubtful hand. 'Do you mean it? Do you really mean it? I thought it was all up this time.'

'I did not know. I did not understand. You did wrong; but I'll have no hand in sending you back there. I think you are to have that other chance—you and she.'

The convict and the man to whom he owed his conviction gripped hands, each of them moved out of his usual self-command. Then Carden effected a 'loan' of all the cash he had about him.

After that the famous Queen's Counsel went back to his wife. He had compounded a felony, and did not regret it. When, some time later, he received a short note which contained information of a wedding, he put it in the fire with a queer feeling of satisfaction that he had successfully aided an evasion of the law, of which he was one of the most brilliant supporters.

A TRANSFORMATION.

How did she change me: who can tell?
I met her, and a pleasing spell
Touched with a colour all its own
My lonely life's gray monotone;
Hopes that I only knew by name
Awoke expectant when she came;
Feelings, like buds 'neath sunny skies,
Warmed by the summer of her eyes,
Bloomed vividly; and I, whose heart
Had seemed a thing from life apart—
I who had lived amid the throng
In silence—heard an opening song
Shake through its prelude blithe and free
When first she smiled to welcome me.

WM. WOODWARD.